

ADVENTURES
OF A
PINCUSHION.

VOL. II.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION
*
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Ex Libris

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

The Olive Percival
Collection of
Children's Books

Elijah Bumetor
THE
from his Mother
ADVENTURES

OF A
PINCUSHION:
DESIGNED CHIEFLY
FOR THE USE OF
YOUNG LADIES.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Imagination here supplies
What Nature's sparing hand denies;
And by her magic powers dispense,
To meanest objects, thought and sense.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR
BALDWIN, CRADOCK, & JOY, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
AND JOHN SHARPE, JUVENILE LIBRARY,
LONDON MUSEUM, PICCADILLY;
BY ASSIGNMENT FROM
JOHN MARSHALL, 139, FLEET-STREET,
FROM ALDERMARY CHURCH-YARD.

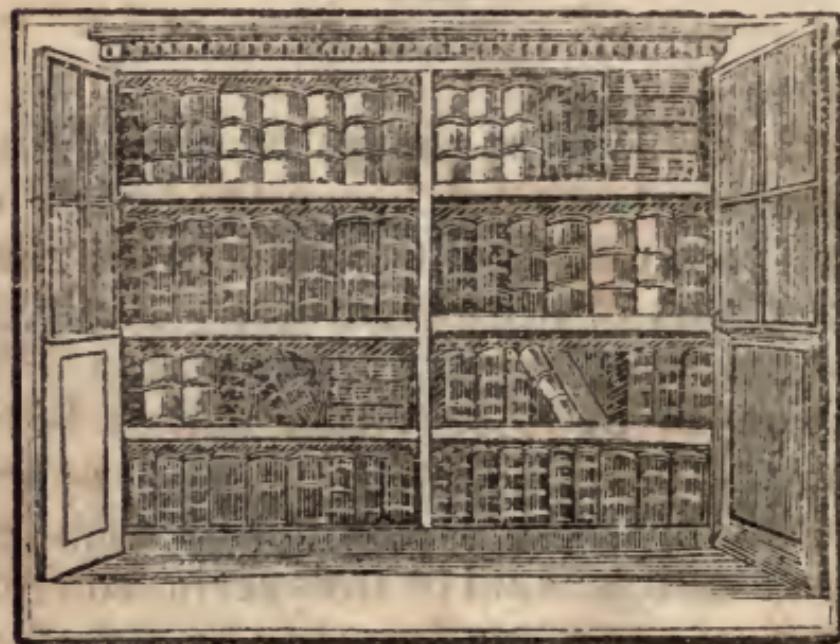
1815.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
PIN CUSHION.

I HAD lain so long in my dismal confinement, that I began to despair of ever presenting the world with any second part of my adventures. And yet, thought I, it is very hard that a Pin-cushion so new, so clean, and so beautiful, that might have a thousand opportunities of seeing the different manners of mankind, should be thus secluded from company, and condemned, by the playful freaks of an insignificant kitten, thus to pass away its best days in obscurity. And here let me take this opportunity to

suggest a useful hint to my young readers, which, as my inactive situation allowed me sufficient time for reflection, I had frequently reason to feel the force of; namely, That although I fretted and fumed every day at my unfortunate condition, I never found it was at all improved by it, or that my ill-humour in the least degree made me happier, or assisted my escape.

When I determined to submit quietly, I was as happy as any Pincushion in such



a state of retirement could be. But when in a cross fit I tried to roll myself from

under the book-case, I found the attempt was impossible to accomplish, and I hurt my sides against the foot of it. The space was so small between the bottom of my prison and the floor, that I had no hopes of escape, as it was impossible for any broom to find its way under; or otherwise the cleanliness of Mrs. Stanley's maid would certainly have effected my deliverance. But, alas! of this I had no prospect; and though my endeavours were fruitless, it taught me such a lesson of contentment, as I wish every little reader of my memoirs may remember, and copy in their own conduct. For if they are tired of working, reading, music, drawing, or any other employment at home; or, what is frequently the case, are impatient of the confinement of being at school; I would have them take my advice, and try to amuse themselves when they have opportunity, and wait with patience till they are of a proper age, either to leave the place they dislike, or have overcome the difficulty of learning those accomplishments which are necessary to be acquired. For they may depend upon it, that fretfulness and

ill-humour will make every condition unhappy; while a resolution to be pleased, and make the best of every thing, is the only method to be agreeable to others, or comfortable themselves. The foot of the book-case will press closer, when we petulantly try to escape: and though children are not Pincushions, yet they will find, that whenever they are fretful and dissatisfied, they will be unhappy, and never succeed in any thing they undertake. I hope I shall be pardoned for this digression; but as the event of my escape was so strong in my mind, I could not pass it by without a pause of observation.

Let me now, however, proceed to inform my readers, that one fine day, when I had determined to make myself contented, and when, from the quietness in which I had been for some days, I had reason to believe the family were absent, and had therefore little hope for release, on a sudden I felt the book-case move, and heard the sound of men's voices, who, after much pushing and hoisting, took away what had so long covered me from the eye of every beholder. In short, I

found that Mrs. Stanley had taken another house, as her lease was expired: and, in consequence of the removal of her furniture, I regained my liberty. One of the porters took me up, and blew off the flue with which so long a confinement had covered me; and, taking me down stairs, presented me to a chair-woman, who was hired to clean the house. "There, mother Trusty," said he, "is a



present for you, which, if you please, you may give to little Jenny: it will make her as fine as a lady." "Thank you," returned she, "I will keep it safe for m

girl; and if you have a bit of paper, I will wrap it up, for my hands are wet and dirty, and when I take any thing out of my pocket I may spoil it, you know. But as to making her fine, Jacob, indeed I do not desire it; and were you to present any thing to wear, she could not have it, for I think finery is not suitable for us. She is a good child, Jacob, and that is better than being a lady." "Well, mother Trusty, do as you please," replied Jacob; "I do not know who the Pin-cushion belonged to; so if you like Jane should have it, why I am glad I found it." So saying, he complained that the weather was very hot, and, after wiping his face with a coarse apron which was tied round him, he drank Mrs. Trusty's health; and took a good draught of porter, which stood on the table. He then sat down to eat some bread and cheese, and, calling a great dog which lay in one corner of the kitchen, made him sit up on his hind-legs to beg for some victuals, and afterwards bring him his knot, which he very dexterously did, by taking the buckle of it in his mouth, and dragging it after him to his master. Another trick

which this animal had been taught, was to shut the door at the word of command ; and his last performance to the entertainment of my new Mistress and Mr. Jacob, was to pick up his master's wig and bring it upon his head, which made indeed a



very droll figure to the spectators. At the conclusion of his meal, Jacob bade adieu to mother Trusty, and they each separated to pursue their different employments. I was in the mean time laid on one of the shelves, curiously wrapped up in a bit of paper, which had fallen from the back of that very book-case under which I had so long resided ; it

was torn in two by Jacob, who took one half to put up some bits of cheese-rinds for his dog; and I found it was a fragment of poetry, which I suppose had been sent to Miss Saxby, as her name was Martha. I amused myself with the perusal of the lines, which were as follow :

FRAGMENT.

'Tis a folly, my friend, thus to envy the great,
Since content may be found in the lowest estate;
Tho' Miss *** exults that she's splendidly drest,
Of true happiness, Martha, she ne'er was possess'd.

I have seen her, my friend, when no art could
assuage
Her anger, vexation, and petulant rage;
Because an inferior had treated with scorn
Those trinkets and gauze which her person adorn.

But, believe me, esteem from true merit must rise,
Or the world will the pageants of fortune despise;
'Tis ridiculous, surely, for pride to expect
Any better return than disdain and neglect.

Let us, then, my Martha, more prudent and wise,
Endeavour with nobler ambition to rise:
Let kind emulation our bosoms expand,
The foolish suggestions of pride to withstand.

Let us trust that *perfection* each effort shall bless,
As industry e'er is crown'd with success :
Tho' hard is the task, yet 'tis great to aspire,
And the deep-buried embers of *genius* to fire.

'Tis a laudable aim, when we seek to excel,
And conquer that sloth which is apt to rebel :
Then let us attentive each precept obey,
And snatch the proud laurels of glory away.

The business of the day being concluded, the good mother Trusty shut up the House; and taking me down from the shelf, put me carefully in her pocket. We were not long before we arrived at her habitation, which consisted of two neat little rooms in a small house, about the middle of a very pleasant lane. A clean-looking boy and girl were sitting at the door, with a coloured apron full of peas, which they were very busily shelling. They expressed great pleasure at the sight of Mrs. Trusty, whom I found to be their grandmother, and with much good-humour told her they had each earned a halfpenny; for that Mrs. Traffic, at the chandler's shop, had given them one penny, and promised them a farthing's worth of gingerbread, or a stale

roll, for getting her peas ready for supper. "Well, and I have brought you home something," replied Mrs. Trusty, unfolding me to the child, who eagerly getting up to receive her present, had nearly



overset the apron and its contents; but her brother luckily caught it, so as to prevent the peas from falling into the dirt. "But pray, Jenny, stay till you have done, and have washed your hands," said her grandmother; "for it would be a pity to spoil this nice satin pincushion;" "And what have you brought for me?" cried rosy Dick, as he emptied a handful of peas into the bason. "Why, nothing

'at all, my good boy,' replied Mrs. Trusty, 'but a piece of bread and cheese: but I hope you are not jealous that your sister should have any thing, when you cannot partake of it?' 'Jealous!' said he: 'No, I would go without any thing in the world for the sake of my Jenny; and I will give her my halfpenny with all my heart, though I have staid away from a nice game at cricket on the green to earn it. When I am a man, you shall see how hard I will work, and take care of all the money I get, and give it to you, grandmother, to buy us victuals and drink, and clothes; and you shall stay at home and knit; but never, while I have any health, shall you go out to such hard labour as you now do.' 'Blessings on my generous boy,' exclaimed the tender-hearted Mother Trusty, while the tears of affection rolled down her aged cheeks. 'Just such a man was thy father, Dick. While he was alive, we never wanted for any thing. He was a good man, indeed he was; and I hope that you will resemble him. But go, my boy; carry home your work, and bring the stale roll which you was promised; it will be much better for you than gingerbread.'

Jenny kissed her brother, and thanked him for his kind intention ; “ But we will give the penny to our grandmother,” said she ; “ you know she has got five-pence three-farthings which we have had given us already ; and when there is enough, we will ask her to buy you a pair of new shoes ; because those are too bad to walk with.” Away ran Richard with the peas, and returned in triumph with the roll, when the little party sat down



to supper, with that smiling good-humour and cheerful contentment, which is not always an attendant on the meals of the rich and great. But when I saw how

very little was sufficient (or was obliged to be so) for a woman who had been hard at labour all day, and two little hungry children, I could not help reflecting, how wicked it is in those who are blessed with plenty, to be dissatisfied with their food, and idly waste, when they are not disposed to eat it, that which would keep the poor from starving, and which many an unhappy child would be highly thankful to receive. When they had concluded the meal which their grandmother



had brought them, Dick ran to a neighbouring pump, to replenish a broken red pitcher which had lost its handle, and

a piece out of the top: and after they had each of them drank with thirsty eagerness, he kissed his grandmother and sister, and wishing them a good night, went quietly to bed. Little Jenny followed her brother's example, as soon as she had laid me in a drawer with great care, where all her treasures were deposited. Among that number, was a little paper, which was nearly worn out with frequent perusal, and with which I shall beg leave to present my readers.

DICK TO HIS SISTER.

THOUGH I am but a boy, yet I'll do the best I can,
And I'll try to earn something, although I'm not a
man;

But when I am older, nay, Jenny, do not cry,
For the loss of thy father and mother I'll supply.

I'll go to yon farm-house, and beg a bit of bread;
And if I get a morsel, my Jenny shall be fed:
Then do not weep so sore, for I hope we know the
worst,

And to see you look so dismal, my heart it will
burst.

Old grannam she will help us, and work for to
maintain;
And when I am bigger, I will pay it all again.

Tho' as yet I cannot dig, yet a gleaning I may go ;
Then stop your tears, my Jenny, for I cannot see
them flow.

When I pass thro' the church-yard, where Daddy
is at rest ;

I cannot help sobbing, and a sigh will heave my
breast ;

And I think to myself, if my Jenny too should die,
Ah ! who would her place to her Richard e'er
supply ?

Then, my sister, cheer thine heart, and do not look
so sad :

If we can but live together, matters will not be so
bad.

Now the blackberries are ripe, and I'll gather some
for thee ;

And we'll eat them, my Jenny, beneath yon hollow
tree.

I know too, my love, where some honey may be
found ;

For I have often mark'd the place, which the bees
do surround ;

And I'll take some for thee, for young Robin taught
me how,

One day when he follow'd in the field with his
plough.

Then, my Jenny, be but happy, and cheer us with
a smile ;

For I fain would make thee blest, and thy sorrows
all beguile.

Tho' poor Daddy is no more, yet Richard loves his
Jane,
And all thy tears, my sister, can't bring him back
again.

Perhaps it may be thought 'an uncommon effort for little Dick to turn poet at so early an age, and with so few advantages from education. But there is no answering for the powers of natural genius, and many a one may regard the attempt as impossible, merely because they are too indolent to exert their faculties. Richard had been taught to read and write at the charity-school of the parish where he lived: and as no application had been wanting on his part, the progress he made did equal credit to his own abilities and the attention of his master, with whom his merit made him a great favourite.

Jenny was likewise put to a small school at a little distance, by the benevolence of the vicar's wife (with whom such instances were very frequent), and by her assiduity recommended herself to her mistress, who would often propose her example as a pattern to the rest of her scholars.

The next morning, when mother Trusty got up to her daily labour, she kissed her grand-children, and told them to go to school early, and not stay and play afterwards ; but to return back again, for she would probably come home to dinner. This they promised to do ; and after they had learned their lessons, they affectionately hugged each other, and diligently set forward with their books in their hands.



But Jenny in a few minutes returned to fetch me, in order to exhibit her new present to her school-fellows. We soon arrived at a cottage, the apartments of

which were neither large nor numerous; but, the exquisite cleanliness of it was truly admirable. The mistress, whose name was Markall, was dressed in a blue and white striped gown, which was rather of the coarsest materials; but was put on with the neatness of a Quaker, as was a plain bordered mob, with a white cloth binder, and a coloured silk handkerchief; which, with the addition of a checked apron, and a black petticoat, will give a pretty good idea of her appearance. She commended Jenny for coming early, and having inquired after her grandmother and brother, heard her read, and repeat the lesson she had the day before given her to learn. Soon after which, Betsy Field, Nanny Hay, and the rest of the scholars arrived; among which number were likewise several boys. As the room door (which indeed was the door of the house too) was left open for the benefit of the air, and as one of the forms where the girls were at work was placed on that side, they were many of them better disposed to watch the passing of a cart or a wheel-barrow, or to attend the flight of birds and butterflies, than to mind their

works: and Mrs. Markall punished several of them with a few strokes of a little cane, which lay on her table for that purpose.

After she had heard them read, they stood round her in a circle to spell; and those who were so negligent as to mistake, lost their place in the set, and exchanged with their more attentive companions. A precedence in the ring was coveted with great ardour, and encouraged a spirit of emulation among them, as to stand first (which was my mistress's distinction) was regarded as an acknowledgment of superior excellence. When they had finished their business, and the wished-for hour of twelve struck from the church clock, which was very near Mrs. Markall's house, they all made their rustic curtsies and bows to the Dame, and poured like a swarm of summer flies into the lane. The whole body of them stood for a few moments to interchange their mutual salutations: when some divided to the right hand, and the other party to the left, which led to the church porch, where they seated themselves to be sheltered from the intense heat of the sun; and Jenny, with a smile of con-

scious satisfaction, produced me to her companions. Though she was anxious



to display what she was so well pleased with herself, yet she began to be apprehensive for my safety, when the girls, with unpolished rudeness, all scrambled for a sight of her present at the same time. At last the two whose names are above mentioned, pursued Polly Chaunt, who was in possession of me, and after scuffling on the grass, till Nanny Hay knocked her head with great violence against one of the tomb-stones, and Betsy sprained her wrist in trying to

wrench me from Polly, she ran home with the prize with so much swiftness, as to outstrip all her competitors. What became of poor Jenny I cannot tell, nor how she bore the loss of me; but I could not help reflecting how much better it would have been, had these girls been sufficiently polite, to have each satisfied their own curiosity, and then have resigned me to the inspection of others. Whereas, by all eagerly snatching me at once, they dirtied my outside, and pulled me quite out of shape; together with making them all very angry, and foolishly commencing a quarrel, of which the first consequences were the wounds I have mentioned. Polly Chaunt, whose property I so unjustly became, was the daughter of the parish-clerk. He was by trade a shoe-maker, and had three children, two girls and a boy. His wife was a notable little woman, who took care of some poultry, pigs, and asses, which were allowed to feed upon a green before the house.

As soon as my new mistress arrived at home, her mother ordered her to prepare what was wanted for dinner, at the same

time telling her, she was much displeased that she did not return from school sooner. Polly answered in a manner which convinced me, she was more pert than prudent; and ran into a little back wash-house to her sister, who was taking a piece of bacon out of the saucepan, and who likewise chid her delay; adding, that dinner was ready, and she had been wanted to lay the table-cloth. In reply to this, she told the history I have just related, and produced me to her sister, who, wiping her hands on a bit of rag which hung upon a nail in the window, took me up to examine: when lo! Polly, who was at all times too hasty to attend to reason, not choosing that Sukey should touch me for fear of spoiling my beauty, hastily snatched me from her, and dropped me, not into the saucepan, which I escaped, but into a basin of soap and water which stood near it, and in which Mrs. Chaut had just been washing her hands. Upon this arose a quarrel between the sisters, which was terminated by the entrance of their father, who insisted on their bringing his dinner immediately; and Polly, after having carefully

wiped, laid me on a clean handkerchief to dry. I staid with this family some days, and was witness to many disagreements between the different parties which composed it; but as I do not think the recital of illiberal abuse could afford any entertainment to my readers, I shall not trouble myself to repeat it. But the folly of such behaviour must be evident to every reflecting mind, when it is considered that although the scenes I have mentioned passed in the low life of poverty, yet the same ill-humour would occasion equal animosity in the most affluent circumstances. And though no situation can justify fretful petulance, yet it was certainly more excusable in girls who were untaught by education, and unpolished by politeness, than in those with whom the utmost care has been exerted, and who have had all the advantages of reading and instruction to contribute to their improvement. That it is possible for good-humour, and a determined endeavour to please, in a great measure to supply the deficiency of acquired graces, may be seen in the characters of Richard and Jenny, whose af-

fection to each other must interest every one in their favour: and the same sweetness of temper will likewise recommend to my reader's esteem the agreeable Hannah Mindful, to whom I was given one Sunday afternoon by Polly Chaunt, in a walk which they took together after church. And sincerely glad was I to exchange mistresses, as my last had been so ill-tempered and quarrelsome, and had taken me in so unjustifiable a manner from the good-natured little Jenny. Hannah was near fourteen years old, and the eldest of six children. Her mother was a very worthy woman, but was afflicted with such bad health, that she was seldom able to leave her bed. Her father had a small farm, and was very industrious in his business, and very careful of his family; and I was quite astonished to think of how much service Hannah's attention proved to her brothers and sisters; and what a comfort it was to her sick mother to have such a good girl, in whom she could confide, and to whose care she could intrust them.

After she had parted from my late

owner, she was met in her way home by the vicar, whose lady was mentioned as the benefactress of my favourite Jenny, and who, with her husband, was returning to his house. He stopped at the gate, and desired Hannah to wait there, or amuse herself in the garden, while he went to fetch a medicine which he had promised to send to her mother; and at his return presented her with a couple of fine peaches, which he told her to eat, as she was a good girl. She thanked him very civilly, and, after wishing him good night, ran home as fast as possible, for fear her mother should want her; to whom she immediately presented her present, without offering to taste them herself. A niece of Mr. Mindful's lived at this time in his house, whose name was Sally Flaunt; and who had been a half-boarder at a great school near London, where she was put by a relation, whose death had left her no friend but her uncle. She was entirely unprovided for; yet was so inconsiderately proud, as to make herself a burthen to the family, instead of trying to be of any service; which she might have had a sufficient opportunity of

being, as she was near fifteen, and very tall of her age. When Hannah rose in the morning to assist in getting breakfast, dressing her sisters, and making the beds, Sally would disdainfully turn round to sleep, because it was, in her silly opinion, unlike a lady to get up early. Without any fortune, or the slightest recommendation but her industry, she was ever foolishly aiming at a rank in life to which she had no pretensions ; and without sense to distinguish, that it is gracefulness of manners and superior learning that form the essential difference between high life and poverty, and that merit is as much entitled to respect in the lowest circumstances of indigence, as in the most exalted station ; she was so weak as to imagine, that by imitating some of those foibles she had seen in girls who had more fortune than understanding, she should be thought to resemble them, and meet with that regard which is not bestowed on riches, but on the supposed worth of those who possess them. While Hannah went up stairs to carry some water-gruel to her mother, she dispatched one of her little sisters to tell Sally that

breakfast was ready ; but as she had slept so long, it was some time before she could make her appearance ; and Mr. Mindful, who was justly displeased with her indolence, told one of his children to carry her milk away ; for that those who were too lazy to provide for themselves, and to be ready at the proper time, might go without food. When Sally therefore came down, she was much disappointed to hear that a fast was for the present enjoined as her portion ; and looking very



much out of humour, she walked into the garden. He followed her out ; and as

he was turning round a little yew hedge which fronted a field, he took hold of her hand, and pulling her into the kitchen, told her he was displeased at her behaviour. "You are very foolish, Sally," said he, "because you have been to school, to imagine that you have nothing further to do than sit with your hands before you, and play the fine lady. You have no money to provide for yourself, and there is no person will take care of you if you do not work hard to get your bread. Behave as you should, and I will treat you as my own child; but if you have too much pride to know your duty, and will not mind my advice, I will turn you out, to try where you can live better than with me." Sally knew she durst not reply to this positive speech; and fearing her uncle should become more angry, she promised to behave better, and walked up stairs to Hannah, who was dusting the furniture in her own room. To her she related the above particulars, with the tears running down her cheeks, and with the most dismal sobs of distress and passion. My good-natured mistress compassionately kissed her, and wept to see

her disturbance ; " but indeed, my dear Sally," said she, " I wish you would try to exert yourself, and as you cannot be a lady, you had better endeavour to please my father. You see we all live very happily, and I am sure I would do all in my power to make you do so too ; so cheer up your spirits, and do not weep so sadly."—" I cannot," replied Sally, very crossly : " indeed you may, who have never seen any higher life ; but where I was at school do you think any of the ladies scoured the rooms, or milked the cow, or went to such work as washing and ironing ? O ! Hannah, had you seen the caps, and feathers, and muslin and gauze frocks, which they used to wear on a dancing-day, and how smart they looked in their silk shoes, or else red morocco ones, you would not wonder that I do not like these great black leather things, (and she scornfully tossed out her foot as she spoke). Indeed, Hannah, I could cry whenever I see you and your sisters clothed in such coarse gowns, with your black worsted stockings, and with that check handkerchief on your neck, and your round cloth caps, with

that piece of linen for a ribbon. I cannot bear it! and I wish I was any thing but what I am."—"O fie, Sally!" said Hannah, "that is quite ungrateful for the good things which you are blessed with, to talk in such a manner as that."—"What, good things?" retorted the haughty girl, raising her voice, and growing more angry. "Do you call this dowlas shift, this coarse apron, this linsey-woolsey gown, good things? Or do you call the brown bread we eat, or the hard dumplings you were making just now, good things? And pray, this old worm-eaten bed, without any curtains to it, and this little window, which is too small to admit one's head out, and what little hole there is, is quite crammed full of honey-suckles; or this proppèd-up chest of drawers, or that good-for-nothing chair with a great hole in the bottom, which you know Bet nearly fell through yesterday, when she got upon it to reach the box which holds her Sunday straw-hat; do you call these good things? because, if you do, I am sorry you know no better."—"I should be sorry indeed," rejoined Hannah, with rather more dis-

pleasure than was usual to her, "if I knew so much of high life as to be discontented with what my father and mother can afford. I think our bread is as good as any body need wish for; and I am sure the dumplings you so scornfully mention, will be very well tasted and wholesome. As to the furniture, if it is old, I will answer for its being clean, Sally; and my father says, he can nail on a piece of board over that chair, which will last as many years as the back does. And as to our clothes, I am sure they are whole and tight; for I would work my fingers to the bone before I would see them otherwise. They are coarse, to be sure; but they are as good as our neighbours', and many a one would be thankful to have such to put on: and though you speak so proudly of the house and every thing in it, I have seen the ladies at Oakly Hall, who are worth as much money as would buy all the villages for twenty miles round, come as kindly and sit down in my mother's room, and take hold of my hand, and my sister's, and speak as prettily as if I had been a lady too; without looking at the chairs, or

finding fault with the bed. And Miss Goodall, although she is dressed so handsomely, never seems to think about it; and the last time she stopped here, took the loaf out of my father's hand, and said, 'Let me cut Mrs. Mindful a piece of bread and butter! I can do it very well; and it shall be thin, such as I know she can eat.' And she brought with her a canister of sago, and went herself to the fire, and poured the water to mix it, and put some wine into it, which she brought with her, and showed me the way to do it, with so much good-nature, that I do not think you need be so very proud, Sally, and look so unhappy about your situation. And I assure you she has sometimes eaten our bread, and always said it was very good." Hannah was here interrupted by one of her sisters, who came to call her to assist her mother, who was going to get up. She attended her immediately, and taking me out of her pocket, into which she hastily put me at the conclusion of the above conversation, she placed me on the table, while she assisted Mrs. Mindful in putting on a clean cap and bed-gown; and after she

had helped her to an old elbow-chair, she



made the bed; which, as soon as she had finished, she went into the garden, and returning with a nice nosegay of flowers, placed them in a little white stone mug, upon the table, in order, by their sweetness, to refresh and please her mother, as she was very fond of them. She then kissed her with great tenderness, and begged her to take an egg beat up with some milk, which she immediately got ready. These little services were all performed with so much alacrity and good-nature, and such visible pleasure in her

countenance, as doubled the merit of all her actions. It was impossible indeed to see her, without thinking how very agreeable it is in the power of good-nature and industry to make those who have no other advantages to recommend them.

Hannah Mindful was a healthy-looking country girl; her complexion was burnt by the sun, and her hands hardened by laborious toil; she was not ornamented by dress, though her person was at all times made agreeable by neatness: she had never been taught those graces which so forcibly recommend the possessor to general observation; but a constant cheerfulness, and a desire of obliging, which was never interrupted by petulance, made her beloved by every one who knew her. To be as good-natured as Hannah Mindful, was the highest praise of every girl in the village; and every mother was ready to propose her conduct as an example to her own children. If there was a piece of bread which her sisters liked better than the rest of the loaf, she would save it for them by turns, whenever she had opportunity. If

any of them went to play, and forgot the business which fell to their share, or which their mother had ordered them to do, she would either fetch them home again, or (if in her power) do it for them herself. By this she often saved them from punishment. One day when her father had brought two ribbons from a fair, for her sister Molly and herself, he gave Hannah the liberty of choosing first: She directly took a pink, which was her favourite colour, and left a dark green,



which was what she most disliked; but afterwards finding her sister wished for

the one she had chosen, she gave it to her immediately, with as much readiness as if she had approved of the exchange from the preference to the colour she disliked. Sally told her she thought it was foolish to give up what she had in her possession; but Hannah, with a generosity which did great credit to the goodness of her disposition, replied, that she should never have worn with comfort what she evidently saw her sister was desirous to obtain: "and I declare," added she, "I feel a much higher gratification in the idea of giving pleasure to my dear Molly, than I should receive from any difference of colour, or from a present of much greater value. Sally was not of that opinion; for the indulgence of pride is the occasion of selfishness, and the cause of the most despicable meanness. By wishing for great riches, and despising that way of life to which she was destined, her heart was constantly agitated by anxious vexation. Whereas, Hannah was always cheerful, good-humoured, and contented: and the same incidents, which to the one were the occasion of dissatisfaction and com-

plaint, the other submitted to without repining, and rejoiced with gratitude at the felicity of her lot. And thus, my young readers, will it be with persons of higher rank than those of whom I am now writing. If you make yourself unhappy because some of your companions have more elegant clothes, or a greater variety than yourself; or because it may suit the fortune of their parents to make more splendid entertainments than the choice or circumstances of yours will admit: if they ride in their father's carriage, while you walk on foot, and unattended, remember, that is no rational cause of uneasiness. It is not the station, but the propriety with which it is sustained, that is the real matter of concern. A beggar may be more respectable than a prince, if he is sunk to indigence by misfortune; and exerts his utmost powers to act with industry, and maintain the proper conduct which his situation requires. Let me advise you, then, not to wish for that finery, which would be unsuitable to your circumstances; but to submit to the discretion of your parents, because they must know best what is

proper for you. Sally Flaunt had not the power to make her uncle's brown bread in the least degree whiter, although she was too fretful to eat it with satisfaction. She could not enlarge the rooms, or repair the furniture, by her discontent; but she might have been as happy as her cousin, had she been disposed to be good-humoured. When any business is necessary to be performed, if it is done with sullenness and ill-will, it becomes the most laborious toil and most irksome employment; but if it is executed with cheerfulness, it is much sooner dispatched, and the fatigue is considerably abated. It is time, however, to return to my own adventures, without trespassing longer on your patience by my advice.

I had continued some time with my mistress, when Mr. Goodall (whose daughter, I believe, I have before mentioned) gave an entertainment to his tenants, on account of her attaining her eighteenth year. Mr. Mindful, out of kindness to his family, determined to stay at home himself, and take care of his wife, while he dispatched all the

young ones who were of a proper age, to enjoy an amusement which would afford them so much pleasure. Hannah dressed herself and two sisters, as neat as rustic simplicity could adorn them. They had each of them light brown stuff gowns, white aprons and handkerchiefs, with straw hats; her own with green, and her sisters with pink ribbons. They had all a nosegay of flowers in their bosoms, and with the freshness of innocence and health glowing in their cheeks, prepared



to set out for Oakly Hall. Hannah did not forget to get ready every thing she

thought her mother might want in her absence; and, with a kiss of filial affection, bade her adieu.

Jack Mindful, her brother, was a lad of about thirteen, very active and sprightly, and sometimes apt to be extremely mischievous. I have had no opportunity before this to introduce him to the notice of my readers; but the part he took in dressing his cousin for the intended sport, will make it necessary to exhibit him on the present occasion. Sally, whose attention was wholly engrossed by the pride of excelling her companions in the finery of clothes, had been for some days busily employed in mending an old silk coat, which had been given her during her stay at school. It had originally been ornamented with gauze cuffs, which were grown dirty and yellow with keeping: the rest of the trimming was sufficiently decayed, to make it a rather despicable garb; and Mrs. Mindful, who justly thought such shabby finery very improper for her niece's situation, insisted upon her going in a new garnet-coloured stuff, which she had lately bought her. This Sally was much distressed at, and com-

municated her intention to her cousin Jack, who promised to assist her in her design; which was, after she had taken leave of Mrs. Mindful, to carry her clothes to a barn at some distance, and there put on the silk coat which she imagined would make her so much better respected by the family at Oakly Hall. To this place she then repaired, her heart beating with expectation, and flattered with the imagination of outshining all her companions. She had made up a new cap for the occasion; and as she was very tall and womanly in her appearance, thought if she could form any substitute for a cushion, it would much improve her fashionable appearance. On this great occasion, she borrowed me of Hannah, who went before her cousin; as she did not choose to have any witness but Jack, who was the only person entrusted with this important secret. At the barn then we soon arrived, and her stuff gown was thrown off with disdain, while she prepared, with the assistance of an old triangular bit of a broken looking-glass, to equip for the desirable expedition. After placing the cushion, which

she had taken great pains to complete, and pinning her hair over it with a piece of black ribbon, she put on her cap ; which exhibited the most tawdry collection of old gauze, bits of ribbon, and slatternly tassels, that can well be imagined. At last came the trial of the coat, which as it had been made very long behind, was in that respect tolerable ; but its appearance in front was so short as to be really ridiculous. During the time



she was looking at her head in the glass, Jack, in turning round hastily threw it down a hole, which he had purposely

contrived, and where it was impossible to regain it, as it was so instantly out of sight, that Sally had not an idea where it had vanished. Her search was totally in vain, and she could only finish her dress by Jack's direction. He pretended to admire her appearance extremely ; and, to make it the more complete, he had before tied a couple of sheep's feet to a piece of ribbon, which he now pinned to her shoulders, fastening them close to her back with another string which he likewise pinned down ; and by way of addition to the streamers in her cap, he suspended a number of bits of straw, which he had tied together with a piece of packthread. With these burlesque ornaments she hurried with him to the Hall ; and as she was entering the door which led to the house, under pretence of fastening a piece of the trimming which he said he could improve, he undid the lower pins, and let the sheep's feet dance about upon her back, to the unspeakable entertainment of every beholder. The laugh which her appearance occasioned covered her with confusion : and her pride was mortified in the highest de-

gree, to find her finery treated with such a degree of contemptuous mirth, instead of that admiration with which she had flattered herself. The boys were eager to dissect her head-dress ; and Polly Chaunt, who was of the party, very maliciously pinned one of her cuffs to the table-cloth, as she was lolling her head on her hand, to hide those tears of vexation which she could not forbear. Unfortunately she rose in some haste, upon the appearance of Mr. Goodall, who entered the room to welcome his guests, and dragged down the saltseller, and several plates, knives, forks, and spoons ; which had they been brittle materials would have been certainly demolished ; but as the whole service was of pewter, they escaped unhurt. The bustle which this accident occasioned, still more disconcerted the unfortunate Sally Flaunt ; who, bursting into tears, very hastily left the room. In the angry jerk with which she walked away from the company, her two shoulders were saluted with the sheep's feet, in such a manner as to make her imagine she had received a blow, which she turned round very quickly in

order to resent; but the agility of her motions, only served to repeat the imagined offence, the author of which, however, she found it impossible to discern. But, as she was going through an apartment which led to the garden, she discovered her own figure in a large pier-glass; the sight of which so fully completed her vexation, that she determined to hurry home immediately; and snatching her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe her eyes, she whirled me out with it to a considerable distance, and, without perceiving her loss, left me to enjoy my own reflections. The thought of Sally's ridiculous vanity entirely took up my attention. How happily might she have passed the day, had she been contented to do so in her proper character! But, by assuming a superiority to her companions, she excited the contempt of Jack Mindful, who was determined to mortify her pride, by making her an object of ridicule; and though his mischievous intention was certainly extremely blameable, yet it was her own folly which put the execution of it into his power. Had she not determined so meanly to deceive,

and disobey her aunt, by pretending to comply with her advice at the very moment she was prepared to act in opposition to it, she would have escaped that mortification, which was undoubtedly deserved.

I lay unperceived by the door of a little closet till the next morning; when Mrs. Betty, who came to sweep the room,



picked me up, and laid me some time on a marble slab; after she had finished her business, I accompanied her to breakfast. My new mistress was a pleasing young woman, who was a housemaid in Mr.

Goodall's family. She sat down with the laundry-maid, whose name was Joice, and who complained very much of the heat of the weather. "I have been so ill for some days past," said she, "that I can with difficulty stand to wash, and the heat of the fire when I am ironing makes me much worse than I should otherwise be: and then Miss Sophy is so careless, she never considers what will dirt her clothes, nor how much work she occasions. I am sure her sister at her age was always neat and nice, with half the number of frocks and petticoats which she requires. I wonder that a young lady should not have more compassion for a poor servant."—"That is because they do not know the trouble it is," replied Betty; "but indeed, Joice, Miss Sophy is the same in every thing. If she is cutting a piece of gauze, or paper, she is sure to make a litter all over the room; and I have often seen her cut a card into a thousand bits on the carpet, without making any use of it at all: and if she is undoing her work, or picking her doll's clothes to pieces, she will strew the threads on the floor, without thinking

how much trouble it gives me to take them up again. But if she would but put the bits of rubbish into a piece of paper, it might be taken away without any difficulty." "She will never be beloved like her sister," said Joice. "And then she does not look so much like a young lady; for Jerry says, that when he is waiting at dinner, he cannot help looking at her, to see how she leans against the table (that is one way in which she makes her frock so dirty), and takes such great mouthfuls, and eats so exceeding fast, as if she were starving, and thought she should lose her dinner; and sometimes she drinks without wiping her mouth, and very frequently when it is not empty."—"O! I have seen her myself," interrupted Betty; "I have seen her, when I have been waiting at breakfast, grasp the spoon in her hand quite down to the bowl of it, and my mistress has told her it looked very unmannerly; and then she altered it for a minute, but as soon held it as awkwardly as ever. But what I am most angry with her for, is slopping her milk, or tea, on the tables, just after I have rubbed them till they are as bright as looking-glasses; and

then she smears her hands across, and all my labour goes for nothing. I wonder



how she would like this hot day to have such violent exercise. But ladies have often little consideration for their servants' feelings."—"To be sure," said Mrs. Joice, "my master and mistress and Miss Goodall are very good-natured, Betty; and Miss Sophy will, I hope, think more of the consequence of her actions when she is older. I would do any thing in the world for my mistress, she speaks so kindly; and when I am ill, she says, 'Take your time, Joice, and

do not fatigue yourself to-day; I hope you will be better to-morrow.' I do not care how I slave when people are considerate, and seem to think I do my duty." During the latter part of this conversation, Mrs. Betty had laid me on the table, and was pinning her gown close, which had before hung loose, only fastened with one pin at the top, and the two sides turned behind: and, at the conclusion of it, Mrs. Joice, who had been clearing away the breakfast things, folded me up in the table-cloth, and



carrying me under her arm to the poultry-yard, shook me out with the crumbs.

She turned round at the same time to speak to a gardener, who was emptying some weeds out of his apron upon the dunghill, and did not see my fall. After her departure, I was pecked at alternately by almost all the fowls, till at last I was tossed by a bantam hen under the little water-tub, where I have lain ever since. My last unfortunate adventure has so dirtied my outside, that I should not now be known. But if the recital of what has hitherto befallen me has at all engaged the reader's regard, I hope I shall not lose their approbation, from a change of situation or appearance.

The catastrophe which has thus reduced me, was entirely unexpected; and should teach them, that no seeming security can guard from those accidents, which may in a moment reduce the prospect of affluence to a state of poverty and distress; and therefore it is a mark of folly, as well as meanness, to be proud of those distinctions, which are at all times precarious in enjoyment, and uncertain in possession.

THE END.

The following deservedly Popular Books for Children, are printed (or re-printing) by the Publishers of this Work:

1. A COURSE of LECTURES for SUNDAY EVENINGS, containing Religious Advice for Young Persons, *re-printed* in two neat pocket Volumes, *price* - - - 8.9 0

This Publication, which contains a Lecture for every Sunday throughout the Year, is written upon so liberal a plan, as to be suitable to any Rank of Life, without giving offence to the sentiments of any Christian Reader. It is also considered as the best Book for Schools of any that has been written on the same subjects.

2. Adventures of a Pincushion, designed chiefly for the Use of Young Ladies. By S. S., 2 Vols. - - - - - 2 0

3. Bible Stories, 2 Vols. - - - - - 4 0

4. Boarding School Anecdotes, in 2 Vols. *re-printing* - - - - -

5. Book of Ranks, *coloured plates* - - - - 7 0

6. Botanical Dialogues. By Dr. Thornton, *coloured plates* - - - - - 5 0

7. Christianity, A Succinct Account of, *re-printing* - - - - -

8. Cobwebs to catch Flies, or Dialogues in short Sentences, adapted to Children from the Age of Three to Eight. By Mrs. Teachwell, in 2 Vols. - - - - 3 0

9. Cowslip, with 30 *plates* - - - - - 1 0

Popular Books for Children.

10. Daisy, with 30 plates - - - - -	1	0
11. Dialogues on Morality, Economy, and Politeness, in 3 Vols. <i>re-printing</i> - - -		
12. Domestic Quadrupeds - - - - -	2	6
13. Economy of Human Life, with <i>Wood-cuts</i> - - - - -	3	0
14. English Hermit, or Adventures of Philip Quarle - - - - -	1	0
15. Fables in Monosyllables. By Mrs. Teachwell, for Children from Five to Six Years - - - - -	3	0
16. Fables, suited to Children from Five to Seven Years of Age. By Mrs. Teachwell, <i>re-printing</i> - - - - -		
17. Familiar Dialogues, for the Instruction and Amusement of Children. By S. S. <i>re-printing</i> - - - - -		
18. Father's Advice, <i>re-printing</i> - - - - -		
19. First Principles of Religion. By M. P. <i>re-printing</i> - - - - -		
20. Footsteps to Trimmer's Sacred History - 2	0	
21. Good Child's Delight; or, The Road to Knowledge. By M. P. - - - - -	1	0
22. Goody Goosecap; or, The Orphan - - - 1	0	
23. Gulliver's Travels - - - - -	1	0
24. Happy Family; or, The Memoirs of Mr. and Mrs. Norton - - - - -	1	0
25. History of Primrose Prettyface - - - 1	0	
26. Histories of more Children than One; or, Goodness better than Beauty - - - 1	0	

Popular Books for Children.

27. Holyday Present. By M. P. - - - - -	1	0
28. Imperial Primer - - - - -	0	6
29. Jemima Placid - - - - -	1	0
30. La Bagatelle, intended to introduce Children of Three or Four Years old to some Knowledge of the French Language, in 2 Vols. - - - - -	3	0
31. Leicester's, Mrs., School - - - - -	4	0
32. Little Stories for Little Folks - - - - -	1	0
33. The History of a great many Little Boys and Girls of Four and Five Years of Age. By M. P. <i>re-printing</i> - - - - -		
34. Memoirs of a Peg-Top. By S. S. - - - - -	1	0
35. Norton's, Mrs., Story Book - - - - -	1	0
36. Life and Perambulations of a Mouse, 2 Vols. 2	0	
37. Present for a Good Boy - - - - -	1	0
38. ————— Girl - - - - -	1	0
39. Puzzle for a Curious Girl - - - - -	2	0
40. Rational Dame. By Mrs. Teachwell - - - 3	0	
41. ————— Sports. By the Same - - - 3	0	
42. Robinson Crusoe, with 16 Plates - - - 4	6	
43. Sandford and Merton, in 1 Vol. - - - 4	0	
44. ————— in 2 Vols. - - - 8	0	
45. Short Conversations; or, An Easy Road to the Temple of Fame - - - - -	1	0
46. Tales for Youth - - - - -	2	6
47. Teachwell's, Mrs., Spelling Book - - - 2	0	
48. Telemachus - - - - -	1	0

Popular Books for Children.

49. Belisarius	- - - - -	1	0
50. Lowndes's new and complete History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Peace of Paris in 1814, by Question and Answer	- - - - -	6	0
51. A Description of more than Three Hundred Animals, embellished with upwards of Three Hundred fine Wood Engravings of Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Serpents, and Insects, copied from Nature, and engraved with taste and accuracy	- - - - -	5	6
52. An Abstract of the History of the Bible, for the Use of Children and Young Persons; with Questions for Examination, and a Sketch of Scripture Geography, illustrated with Maps. By the Rev. William Turner, <i>half-bound</i>	- - - - -	2	6
53. Cortez; or, The Conquest of Mexico: as related by a Father to his Children, and designed for the Instruction of Youth. Translated from the German of J. H. Campe, by Elizabeth Helme	- - - - -	5	6
54. Columbus; or, The Discovery of America. By the same Author	- - - - -	5	6
55. Pizarro; or, The Conquest of Peru. By the same Author	- - - - -	5	6

By Miss EDGEWORTH.

1. Early Lessons. In 2 Vols. neatly <i>half-bound</i>	- - - - -	5	0
2. Continuation of Early Lessons, 2 Vols. <i>half-bound</i>	- - - - -	3	0

Popular Books for Children.

3.	The Parent's Assistant. In 6 Vols. <i>half-bound</i> - - - - -	12 0
4.	Moral Tales. In 3 Vols. 12mo. <i>boards</i> - - - - -	10 6
5.	Popular Tales. In 3 Vols. 12mo. <i>boards</i> - - - - -	12 0
6.	Poetry explained. For the use of young people, 12mo. <i>bound</i> - - - - -	3 0

By Mrs. BARBAULD and Dr. AIKIN.

1.	Evenings at Home; or, The Juvenile Budget Opened: consisting of a variety of Miscellaneous Pieces, for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons. In 6 Vols. <i>half-bound</i> - - - - -	10 6
2.	Lessons for Children, from Two to Four Years of Age. In Four Parts, 9d. each, or bound together - - - - -	3 6
3.	Hymns in Prose; for Children. The Sixteenth Edition, enlarged and much improved - - - - -	1 6
4.	Arts of Life:—1. Of Providing Food; 2. Of Providing Clothing; 3. Of Providing Shelter:—described in a Series of Letters, for the Instruction of Young Persons. <i>Half-bound</i> - - - - -	2 6
5.	The Female Speaker: or, Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose and Verse; selected from the best Writers, and adapted to the Use of Young Women. In 12mo. <i>bound</i> - - - - -	5 0
6.	Natural History of the Year, being an Enlargement of the Calendar of Nature. By Mr. Arthur Aikin, 12mo. <i>boards</i> - - - - -	3 0

Popular Books for Children.

7. Juvenile Correspondence; or, Letters designed as Examples of the Epistolary Style, for Children of both Sexes. By Miss Aikin, 18mo. *half-bound* - - - 2 6

8. The Woodland Companion; or, a Description of British Trees; with some Account of their Uses. Illustrated with Twenty-eight Plates of Trees from Drawings from Nature. Second Edition, *elegantly and strongly half-bound* - 9 0

By the Rev. J. JOYCE.

1. Scientific Dialogues; intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of Young People: in which the First Principles of Natural and Experimental Philosophy are fully explained. In 6 Vols. *half-bound*; comprising Mechanics, Astronomy, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, Optics and Magnetism, Electricity and Galvanism - - - - - 15 0

2. A Companion to the Scientific Dialogues; or, The Tutor's Assistant and Pupil's Manual in Natural and Experimental Philosophy; containing a complete Set of Questions, and other Exercises, for the Examination of Pupils, in the said Volumes of Scientific Dialogues, and forming a Seventh Volume of that Work. To which is added, A Compendium of the principal Facts under each Department of Science. *Half-bound* - - - - - 2 6

Popular Books for Children.

3. Dialogues on Chemistry, intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of Young People: in which the First Principles of that Science are fully explained. To which are added, Questions and other Exercises for the Examination of Pupils. In 2 Vols - - -

4. Letters on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, and other Branches of Science pertaining to the Material World. Illustrated with 19 plates, 12mo. *boards* - 10 6

5. Dialogues on the Microscope, intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of Young Persons, desirous of investigating the Wonders of the minuter parts of the Creation: containing an Account of the Principles of Vision; and of the Construction and Management of the most improved and generally useful Microscopes, illustrated with ten Plates, in 2 Vols. 12mo. *half-bound* - - - - 7 0

6. Catechism of Nature, improved and enlarged. The Tenth Edition - - - - 1 6

"Read Nature, Nature is a Friend to Truth."

Young.

UCLA LIBRARY

